Whitewashing.

Outbuildings and fences, when not painted, ought to be whitewashed once or twice yearly, with a good coat of lime wash. It prevents decay of the wood, and adds greatly to the appearance of neatness and healthfulness. The cellar too, under the dwelling house should be thoroughly cleansed and aired at this season of the year, and the walls and ceiling well whitened. The lime is a great purifier and will keep the cellar sweet and wholesome. A good wash for cellars and outbuildings may be prepared in the following way: Put half a bushel of lime into a clean water-tight barrel, and pour over it boiling water enough to cover it four or five inches deep, stirring it briskly until the lime is thoroughly slaked. After the slaking is completed add water gradually; stirring it well until thin enough to use. Then add a pound of salt and two pounds of sulphate of zinc. This will cause the wash to harden well, and will prevent its cracking or rubbing off. Almost any desired shade of color may be given it by the addition of different inexpensive pigments. Yellow ochre will give shades ranging from a delicate cream color to yellow, according to the quantity employed. Lamp black produces shades from gray to lead color. A good stone color may be obtained by adding two pounds lamp black and four pounds raw umber to the quantity of wash made by the above receipt. For out door work, a trifle of color is an improvement, as it is less glaring; but for cellars, or the inside of hen houses, or any other place where the wash is used partly for its effect as a disinfectant, the less there is added to the lime, water and sulphate of zinc, the better. It is easily applied, as a few splashes here and there, whether on the ground or the cellar bottom, will do no harm; the principal thing to be remembered is to keep the wash well stirred so as to secure uniformity of color.

For the ceilings of rooms and other inside work, where something a little finer is required, the prepared kalsomine, which may be bought dry, and in any desired color or shade, is the best thing. It is not expensive, is easily prepared and needs no more skill in using than any other wash or paint. If this cannot be procured a good whitewash may be made as follows: Take half a pound of best white glue and soak it in cold water for ten or twelve hours; then heat it carefully, without allowing it to scorch, until thoroughly dissolved, and stir into it fifteen pounds of Paris white, adding hot water until it is thin enough to use. The walls should be thoroughly cleansed before applying the wash, which must be allowed to cool before using.—*New England Farmer.*

Beds and Bedrooms.

Beds and bedding need especial care. On fine days leave your sleeping-room windows open several hours, if possible, and, if not too conspicuous, leave your beds unmade and let pillows and mattresses air in the sun. Thoroughly examine the bedsteads; take out the slats, which you will probably find covered with dust (accumulated dust will also be found on the slats of the spring beds); wipe this off with hot water and salt. Salt dissolved in a very little water should be put on with a small paint-brush in all the corners of the bedstead, to prevent vermin from finding a place. If they are already there this must be repeated as often as twice a week, until they are exterminated. Also wipe the edges of the mattresses well with a cloth wrung out of salt and water. You must meet this matter promptly and give it your supervision, for if not attended to at once they will get the better of you and cause you great annoyance.

If there should be any spots on your mattresses, try spreading a paste of starch mixed with a little cold water; let it remain until quite dry, then brush off; if the spot still remains, put a teaspoonful of borax to a pint of cold water, with a little soap—enough to make good suds. Scrub the spot with it, using an old nail-brush or small scrubbing-brush, afterward wiping dry with a clean cloth.

We learned an art a few years ago of a dear old lady with whom we were spending the summer. She came into the bright sitting-room one morning with pillows and ticks and said she was going to change the feathers from one into the other. "Not here?" we cried, starting up in alarm, and with visions of down and feathers flying all over the room, over our clothing, and settling in our hair. But she said, very quietly, "Don't move; you won't know it if you don't look." But we did look, and found that we did not know everything. In each pillow-tick she had left an opening in the side seam about five or six inches long, and at the top, in the middle, one about three inches long. Taking a pillow in her hand, she shook the feathers away from the side and down in the middle of the pillow, keeping them there with several pins while she ripped a slit in the side just as long as the one already in the new one. These openings she now sewed together, making a communication between the two. Then she inserted her hand in the space she had left in the end seam, and we pinned it closely around her wrist, leaving no room for the feathers to fly out. Taking the pins out of the pillow, she drew the feathers easily out of one into the other. When they were all out she carefully removed her hand and the opening was sewed up. The seam between the two, as fast as ripped, was pinned securely and afterwards sewed up. The pins were taken out, the pillow beaten into shape, and it was done. This bit of knowledge has been of great use to us; let us hope that it will prove as valuable to you.—*Ladies' Floral Cabinet.*

Sheep-Folds of Many Nations.

At the meeting of the Western New York Sheep-Breeders' Association in Rochester recently an interesting paper was read by William G. Markham, giving an account of observations on sheep-husbandry made by him during an extended journey through Europe and Asia. In Rome, Mr. Markham visited the sheep farm of the Pencintini Brothers, who own a flock of 5,000 sheep, 3,000 of which are milked twice a day, and the milk is used for cheese and curds. The average yearly production of each animal is estimated as worth $2.60, besides which there are three pounds of wool. The sheep on this farm are large and strong, and of the merino type. The Japanese Mr. Markham pronounced as the most enterprising people among the Eastern nations. At Yokohama he found stock farms devoted to thoroughbred horses, cattle and sheep, and established fruit nurseries. Upon one of the Government sheep farms was a flock of 600 American merinos, from which two crops of lambs had been raised, making an annual increase of eighty per cent. to the flock. Fully ninety per cent. of the sheep which had been shipped from America were living and in good condition. There were also 1,200 merinos from Australia showing the same annual increase, but not in as good condition. Mr. Markham described the sheep on the celebrated farm Rambouillet, near Paris. These approach the type of the American merino, especially those bred to the delaine form. They are comparatively free from wrinkles, and below the American standard in density of fleece and weight of carcass.

In concluding his address, minute in details, Mr. Markham said that the manufacturers complain because they are not supplied with superfine wool. He urged, therefore, all breeders possessing superior advantages to supply this demand. Mr. Markham holds to the opinion that sheep suited to this purpose must possess a moderate amount of wrinkles and an abundant supply of oil and yolk. As these characteristics are seriously deficient in the common flocks of the country it was advised that rapid and valuable results be accomplished in bringing up the low types by the use of such rams as have the traits in question in excess of the usual standard for a wool-growing flock. The speaker had no hesitation in saying that he had not seen any sheep in all his travels through Europe and Asia that in the respects referred to compared favorably with the Americ... merinos.—*N. Y. World.*

A View From the Cathedral at Puebla, Mexico.

Magnificent as the inside of the cathedral is in its pictures, statues, railings and other ornaments of gold and silver, it is not one-half as lovely as the view that can be obtained by climbing up into one of the two towers. The door of the tower next to the Plaza Mayor is always open and the flight of steps is not very steep. Still it is not very easy of ascent, for the high elevation—7,000 feet above the sea—at which Puebla stands makes the heart quicken, and the breath come and go with alarming rapidity as the lungs work at double speed. But once in the chamber where the bells are hung, all fatigue is forgotten in the presence of the lovely landscape of plain and mountain that lies extended at every side below. The plain is about one hundred miles in length by ninety in breadth, and at each corner stand the magnificent mountains for which Mexico is famed, unequaled in height or grandeur by the highest of the Alps. Twenty-five miles to the southwest stands the mighty volcanic peak of Popocatepetl, or the smoking mountain, the fires that so long throbbed within its breast slumbering after thousands of centuries of activity, its head covered with eternal snow and every rugged charm clearly visible in the rare air, so pure and clear at this altitude.

There is an enormous amount of sulphur taken out of the extinct crater, and the carrying down of this and of the frozen snow on the sides of the mountain employs hundreds of Indians. Popocatepetl is the very beau ideal of a volcano almost pyramidal in shape; but the neighboring Iztaccihuatl is a long rugged ridge and gets its name from the Indians, owing to its resemblance to a white woman lying asleep. Iztaccihuatl, as seen from the cathedral at Puebla, is to the northwest, while from the city of Mexico both these mountains are to the southeast. Looking to the east, the magnificent snow-clad peak of Orizaba is seen at a distance of some sixty miles, and about twenty miles to the northeast stands the smaller but exceedingly picturesque Malinche, still covered with virgin forests.

At one's feet lies the city, with its picturesque flat-roofed houses, numerous spires and domes. Many of the larger buildings have a battered appearance, owing to the frequent bombarding the town has undergone; for whenever a revolution begins the first thing to do is to besiege Puebla, which is supposed to be the key to the plains of Mexico. The most famous of these sieges was in 1863, when it was surrendered by General Ortega to Marshal Forey, who commanded the French. Just outside the city is the hill and fort of Guadalupe, the hill where the French got their only beating, on the famous *Cinco Mayo*, or fifth of May; San Juan, where Marshal Forey had his headquarters during the French siege, and where Senor Zamacona, the late Mexican Minister to Washington, and prominent candidate for the Presidency, has a hacienda; and some half dozen miles away Cholula, with its pyramid and churches. The plain around Puebla is very fertile, and is irrigated with great care; wheat, corn, and other grains grow in perfection, the wheat often producing eighty fold. The methods of agriculture are being greatly improved, and one enterprising member of an agricultural society which was lately formed in Mexico is employing American machinery, which, by the way, can be imported free of duty, on his estate near Puebla. The *nopal* cactus also grows in great quantities in the neighborhood, and thousands of cochineal insects are fed upon its broad, rough leaves.—*Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

—Early this year two young Englishmen were going ashore from a merchant vessel in a Chinese port. One had leveled his revolver at some object on the beach, when, just as he touched the trigger, the other leant across and received the whole charge in his head. As soon as the poor fellow saw that he had killed his friend he put the pistol to his own forehead and fell dead.

—There is not a single liquor saloon in any town on the line of the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad, between Chattanooga and Knoxville, a distance of one hundred and twelve miles.

—The good mother and the accessible slipper always make a spanking team. —*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

A Small-Pox Romance.

Life is full of tragedies. Love, the divinest part of existence, is not free from the blight of disease and darkness. No matter how truly and purely may beat the heart—no matter how bright may be the sunny vision of the future—the clouds of adversity, sooner or later, are sure to come. Death, with the unsparing scythe and ghastly shroud, may sever the mutually beloved, or affliction in some other form may rob life of nearly all its tenderness and beauty.

A few short weeks ago, there lived in the West division, on a fashionable thoroughfare, a young and handsome couple, who had learned to love with the sweet intensity of olden romance. Their affection was recognized and approved by their kindred, and, very soon, their hands were to be united as husband and wife.

The gentleman was a fine specimen of manly beauty. Tall, well-proportioned, with fine features, and a free stride, he was the beau ideal of a lover. The lady was all that fancy could paint her, and as good as she was lovely. She has lived, however, to realize sadly that

> All that's bright must fade—
> The brightest still the fleetest,
> All that's sweet was made
> To be lost when sweetest.

The gentleman's business called him to travel occasionally, and, after returning from one of his recent trips, he felt particularly indisposed, and retired at once to his room in the fashionable boarding-house kept by the mother of his fiancee. Feeling a growing sense of wretchedness, he locked his door, not wishing to disturb the household, and tossed feverishly on his bed until some of the domestics came to make up the apartment. Then he complained of a violent headache, sick stomach, and other ills which make a man indifferent to existence. At first it was fondly hoped that the attack was a mere cold, or intermittent fever, at worst, and he received the usual remedies. These having no effect, a skilled physician was called, and, after examining the symptoms, pronounced the case one of small-pox. This was a thunderbolt to the patient and his friends. He could not remember how or where he had been exposed, and they were slow to believe the full horribleness of the announcement.

Other physicians were called, and, as usual, disagreed. Even the health officer could not make up his mind at once. From Tuesday until Friday the sick man remained at the boarding-house in painful uncertainty. At last his symptoms became so clear and alarming that the most ignorant could no longer doubt. The awful news ran through the house like wild-fire, that Mr. — had the small-pox and was ordered removed to the pest-house.

But although panic might extend itself to the boarders, neither his fiancee nor her mother were moved by such vain fears. The young lady had been his faithful nurse while he remained beneath her parent's roof, and, when he was removed by the sanitary officers her noble tenderness and sense of duty braced her heart to the act of following him even within the putrid precincts of that abode of mortality and disfigurement. She practically illustrated the sentiment of the beautiful song:

> Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
> And thy angel I'll be thro' the horrors of this;
> Thro' the furnace unshrinking thy steps to pursue,
> And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.

Unfortunately, not even her devotion, although it undoubtedly saved the slender thread of life, could shield him from the worst effects of the dread disease. His case developed into the dreadful type known as "confluent," and when he arose from his couch of sickness the unfortunate lover realized the doom of desolation entailed upon him. He was stricken blind, and might never more behold the light of day, or look into the depths of the sweet eyes that still beamed with love for him.

In an age like this, when romantic devotion is supposed to be upon the wane, and in a city like Chicago, which is, of necessity, utilitarian, it might be expected that the affliction which fell upon her idol might have alienated from him the heart of his betrothed. Instances of a kind almost similar have occurred where this has been the result, but, in this case, purity and unselfishness have triumphed. The misfortunes of her lover have the more endeared him to his faithful lady, who is now the light of his heart and the consoler of his darkened existence.

And now, while the sun of May is waking into vernal beauty park and boulevard, and while the shade trees are throwing out their umbrageous loveliness, a stalwart man, erect and stately still, although destitute of vision, and with a face scarred by that fell malady, may be seen walking slowly amid the beauties of the springtime, and by his side is a young girl, upon whom he leans for guidance and who is to him "the morning star of memory" that cannot fade or faint, or die until the last dread summons makes even such sublime devotion vain to preserve a life that must be, without such solace, worthless and desolate beyond expression.—*Chicago Times.*

A Chinese Holiday Festival.

The San Francisco correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes: To see "Chinatown" aright, one must visit it during the Chinese New Year—the great national festival which occurs generally in the second week in February. For the poor Chinese the holiday lasts two days; for the wealthy it means a week or ten days of constant rejoicing and complete suspension of business. It means more to the Chinese than any feast-tide in the Christian calendar. It marks not only the beginning of the year, but the adjustment of all business accounts. Hapless, indeed, is the fate of the Chinaman the debit side of whose ledger at this time is "booming" while the credit side is stricken with hopeless depression. If his case is not too bad he makes a compromise with his creditors and starts afresh. But the Chinese have one very good doctrine, that frequent insolvency is a sign of dishonesty rather than of disaster. The Chinaman who liquidates yearly at a ruinous discount to his creditors is put on the black list. The dread of social and business ostracism is a great bar to loose business methods. Debt is one of he unpardonable sins. To the singular mind of the Chinaman running in debt is a far more heinous offense than disembowelling your worst enemy or abandoning your best friend in case of sickness: It is an outcropping of the eminently practical mind in which spirituality finds no cranny for lodgment, and hard materialism rules, unsweetened by sentiment, unlighted by any fugitive gleam of imagination or humor.

The festival is heralded by great preparations and arouses an interest which the apathetic Celestial seldom manifests in any mundane matter. For days before the great event the curbstone dealers in poultry and pork are overwhelmed with business. The door posts of many of the shops of rich merchants receive a fresh coat of vivid red paint, while the walls of the interior take on a sky-blue tint. Improvised sideboards are put up, spangled with fancy tinsel paper, and loaded with nuts, candies and cooked meats. Along the outer walls are hung rows of large lanterns, painted in all colors and adorned with those curious figures, which may represent the fauna of the Confucian age, but which have no living counterparts in the beasts of Celestial fields or the fishes in Celestial waters. Arranged in a corner of each shop is a store of fire-crackers, for this noisy squib plays a great part in the rejoicings.

The night before the great day is ushered in with hideous clanging of tom-toms, squeaking of one-stringed fiddles and rattle of a thousand exploding fire-crackers. This is the time to see the Chinese quarter thoroughly aroused. A walk through the main streets is not always safe, but the risk of a burned coat or a singed eyebrow is amply repaid by the many amusing spectacles seen on every side. The shops and houses are all brilliantly lighted, while the rows of lanterns arranged at varrying heights make the street at a distance look like a political torch-light procession in which the ward patriots have absorbed too much beer. On each side of the street long scarlet ropes of fire-crackers hang from the upper balconies, the blazing ends dangling over the sidewalk. One gets a kind of opera bouffe "baptism of fire" in venturing through the street. Seated aloft, smoking his small pipe or a cigar, is the proprietor of the house, his eyes dancing with excitement as he watches the line of fire climbing slowly up his firecrackers. Occasionally he adds to the confused, whiplash reports of the small artillery by throwing into the street a bomb which explodes with an ear-splitting report. The pavement is soon buried under the red fragments of firecrackers, among which the daring hoodlum ranges and secures any crackers which the fuse has failed to ignite. From the upper balconies of many houses, all adorned with beautiful lanterns and flowering plants which give them the appearance of hanging gardens, comes the sound of minstrelsy. The sing-song salutations of friends, the wailing cry of the venders of hot refreshments, the shrill sound of the fiddles, the clash of cymbols and the hoarse roar of exploding pyrotechnics—all these make up a scene as essentially barbaric as one could desire.

On the following morning the visiting begins in earnest. The shops are decked out in the bravest styles and likewise their owners. The poorest Chinaman scorns work at this time and gets good food at the houses of his wealthy friends. He wears his customary clothes, smartened, perhaps, by a new hat or jacket. The Chinese full dress, however, is worn only by the wealthier class, and it is seldom seen on the street except at this high feast. It differs widely from the ordinary costume in cut and material, being a far richer and more picturesque garb. The trousers are of damask silk, worked with flowers and other designs. They are of all colors, but the prettiest are of delicate fawn color or of Nile green—the identical tint which feminine fashion has lately added to her spectrum. Some trousers even may be seen made of fine chamois skin. All fit the leg closely and are wrapped tight about the ankle. Over the inner pajama of white linen or nankeen is worn a long ulster-like coat, generally of thin sky-blue cloth. It falls just below the knee, and on each side is slit open, so that it gives somewhat the appearance of those dresses worn by the shapely beauties of the variety stage, when one leg is counted upon to do spectacular duty. The sleeves of this coat extinguish the hands entirely, and when the usual salutations are made on the street—raising the hands quickly and joining them for an instant—the flapping of these loose sleeves gives a singular effect. Over this garment is worn a pajama or frock of rich cloth or satin, with sleeves full six inches shorter than those of the blue undercoat. This outer frock is short, reaching only to the hips. Some are thickly quilted, but the majority are of fine blue or purple cloth. The head is surmounted by a skull cap of dark silk with a button of red or lemon color. This dress is universal; there is no variation except in tint. Many of the combinations of color are artistic and upon a graceful Chinaman the costume sits easily. The greater number, however, wear it with an air of constraint, and as they go lumbering along with their awkward rolling gait they look not unlike a band of sailors, masquerading in army overcoats half covered by peajackets. Each carries a fan, no matter what the state of the weather, and when not held in the hand it dangles from a belt at the side.

On entering the door of house or store, the visitor salutes by bowing low and placing the hands together in front. Generally two elaborate bows are made. The compliments of the season are exchanged; a few sweetmeats are eaten, a sip of rice brandy taken, another low bow is made, and the visit is ended. On meeting in the streets salutations are exchanged by placing the hands together and wishing the usual "Kong he fat choy"—A happy New Year greeting.

—The diminutive Commodore Nutt keeps a drinking place in New York City, and when his bartender was recently arrested for keeping the place open on Sunday, contrary to law, he was promptly bailed by the little Commodore, who said that he had bank stock enough to qualify as bondsman.

—Street dresses are all short.

For Young Readers.

GRANDPA'S BARN.

Oh, a jolly old place is grandpa's barn,
Where the doors stand open throughout the day,
And the cooing doves fly in and out,
And the air is sweet with the fragrant hay;

Where the grain lies over the slippery floor,
And the hens are busily looking around,
And the sunbeams flicker, now here, now there,
And the breeze blows through with a merry sound.

The swallows twitter and chirp all day,
With fluttering wings, in the old brown eaves,
And the robins sing in the trees which lean
To brush the roof with their rustling leaves.

O for the glad vacation time,
When grandpa's barn will echo the shout
Of merry children, who romp and play
In the new-born freedom of "school let out."

Such scaring of doves from their cozy nests,
Such hunting for eggs in the lofts so high,
Till the frightened hens, with a cackle shrill,
From their hidden treasures are fain to fly.

Oh, the dear old barn, so cool, so wide!
Its doors will open again ere long
To the summer sunshine, the new-mown hay,
And the merry ring of vacation song.

For grandpa's barn is the jolliest place
For frolic and fun on a summer's day;
And e'en old Time, as the years slip by,
Its memory never can steal away.
—*Mary D. Brine, in Harper's Young People.*

CATERPILLARS AND BUTTERFLIES.

In looking at a caterpillar crawling along a path, how apt is each one of us to exclaim, "Ugh!" with a shudder of disgust, while the sight of a butterfly flying in and out among the flowers gives us a sensation of delight.

We cannot bear to touch the ugly creature, though every child is sure to run, hat in hand, after the lovely one. Yet it is a curious truth that the two insects are one and the same being—in different processes of development. Perhaps a little observing will explain the reason why we do dislike the former and like the latter at sight.

The green and yellow caterpillar comes out of an egg laid by a butterfly, and which has been glued to a tree or shrub, so as to be near a source of food. It has a varying number of feet, which are little more than tufts of the skin. It crawls along by the fashion of lengthening and shortening its body, through a system of muscular fibers. One variety have smooth skins, and these easily fall a prey to birds. Another species, which have an ugly covering of hairs, can protect themselves, as these prickles appear to have the power of stinging any animal that ventures to touch them.

Caterpillars are most greedy feeders, not tiring for hour after hour in gorging themselves upon the leaves of cabbages. The result is that they soon become too large for their skins, and most varieties have to cast them off as many as five times in reaching a full growth. They would be far more destructive to our garden vegetables were it not that only two or three out of every hundred escape destruction from the bites of a little parasite known as the ichneumon fly.

It cannot be denied that the caterpillar behaves as an earthy, selfish and groveling creature, whose only care is to cram its stomach. As soon as it is full grown, a singular change takes place in the caterpillar. It loses its appetite, and retires into some out-of-the-way spot—perhaps upon a wall or paling. There it sets about making something that looks very much like a shroud for its own burial. The insect now has the power of spinning a quantity of thread-like silk, by drawing and twisting through two small openings in its throat, a liquid which is stored up in an inner gland, and which has the odd quality of turning solid as soon as it is exposed to the air. So, having stretched itself out at full length on a board or twig, it proceeds to fasten itself down, by weaving an outer cocoon or bag. Here it remains apparently lifeless, and dwindling away in size, for perhaps a fortnight, though, if irritated, it will display a convulsive twitching. This stage of existence is called the *pupa*.

When the hidden process of transformation is finished, the old shell cracks apart, and a very odd creature makes its appearance. This chrysalis has neither legs, mouth nor ears, so that it cannot move, eat nor drink, nor hear. Under its brown skin the curious process of growing is still going on, for the formation of wings, as well as a more sightly body and head.

In midsummer, usually, the brown case of the pupa parts asunder. Out crawls a butterfly, having three pairs of legs, which are used for resting rather than walking, and wings, which are small and crumpled up at first. These stiff wings soon unfold in the bright sunshine, and the liberated insect flies about gaily. The head now contains excellent organs for seeing and hearing—the eyes being such compound masses as to number sixteen thousand facets each.

The wings of the butterfly are most beautiful, and no mechanician has yet been able to imitate their perfect machinery for motion in the air. They consist of two layers of a fine, transparent membrane, which inclose between them a set of rib-like tubes, whose mission is to convey air into and through the body. The rows of very small, dark spots that cover the membrane are a series of tiny scales, disposed after the manner of slates or shingles on a roof. These scales are made up of others, still smaller, while the most powerful microscope detects still finer scales and dots beyond. It is to this wonderful delicacy of structure, which reflects and refracts the rays of light striking the wings, that the butterflies owe the brilliant splendor given to their colorings.

It is noticeable that each variety of these insects has its own peculiar kind of scales, and that these also grow to be hairs and spines upon the wings. Another wise provision about the wings is that the upper surface alone is gaily colored, that being the side exposed to view in flying. The under surface is of quite a dull shade.

Butterflies possess the instinct of applying this arrangement of nature to the preservation of their lives from the enemies that are seeking them for food. One will cling to the trunk of a tree, with the drab side of the wings turned upward, so as to appear like the bark in color. An East Indian specimen will even curl itself up on a twig, and imitate to perfection a leaf that is dried and shriveled up.

The butterfly needs but little food, for its system has been well provided for through the surplus store that the caterpillar has laid up. Its chief food is the honey hidden within the flowers. To reach this it has a long and slender proboscis, which is connected with a small bag in the gullet. Just before the sucker touches the honey, the bag contracts and expels all the air out of the tube, and then by dilating it draws up the nectar. In the same way any young reader can suck up water from a vessel through a glass tube, as soon as the mouth has exhausted all the air from the latter.

The life of the butterfly appears to be one of glad frolicking in the sunshine, though it is sometimes as short as two or three days. As soon as the eggs have been laid for the birth of the future caterpillars, the life-work is at an end.

Butterflies are to be found pretty much over the entire globe. They are met as far north as the frozen island of Spitzbergen, on the Alps almost up to the snow line, and upon the Andes at the great elevation of eighteen thousand feet. It would not be over fanciful to call them the living flowers of the air. There are by far the most species of them in tropical lands like Brazil. A single traveler has found twice as many distinct specimens in that empire as others have collected in all Europe. The most magnificent of all the varieties is certainly the bird-winged butterfly. The latter is distributed over the islands of the Malay Archipelago, and reaches its perfection in the Moluccas. Its body is golden, the breast crimson, the wings of a velvety black and brilliant green, with a breadth of seven inches across.

The finest of the South American species have wings of a brilliant metallic-blue, often seven inches broad, and which flash so brightly in the sunlight as to be visible a quarter of a mile distant. These insects like to collect together, and are occasionally found flying in immense flocks, whose numbers exceed our powers of counting.

Mr. Darwin saw what he calls "a butterfly-shower," when ten miles off from the Brazilian coast. Though he used a telescope, he declares he could not see any space in the sky free from the insects. Mr. Tennent, another eminent naturalist, watched in Ceylon a vast cloud of white or pale-yellow butterflies, so many miles broad and long that hours, and even days, passed by before the numberless hosts had completed their passage.

Poets and ministers have long agreed in accepting the butterfly as a type or foreshadowing of the resurrection life of humanity, in beauty and perfection of being. For those who care to carry out the parallel a little closer, the resemblance becomes very striking. The caterpillar, of course, corresponds with our earthly existence, when the eyes are chiefly fixed upon the comforts that concern our eating, dress and home. Then the chrysalis stands for that mysterious interval that begins with death, when the unclothed spirit of the good is in the paradise of bliss, while the body is mouldering away into dust in the grave. And the coming forth of the butterfly from the earthly shell explains that wonderful change of the resurrection morn, when the spirit is to be clothed upon with the new body, formed after the fashion of the Good Master himself, so that in all points His followers may be like unto Him.—*Golden Days.*

"I Don't Care."

"*I don't care!*" How often we hear young people say this! My young friend, you ought to *care*—aye, you will care, perhaps, when it is too late. "*Don't care*" has ruined thousands. It has filled jails and almshouses and murderers' graves; it has wrung the hearts of parents and brought deep blushes to a sister's cheeks; it has broken down many a young man who has started out in life with the brightest prospects of success, but has too often said, "*I don't care.*"

Be careful how you allow youself to utter those words. Some years ago there was a bright, talented boy, coming late out of school. He had been kept in by his teacher for bad conduct. As he stepped into the street a friend of his—a noble man and one who always delighted in helping boys—said to him: "I am very sorry to see you coming out of school so late." The boy replied in a careless, ungentlemanly way: "*I don't care!*"

Now, remember, that I was intimately acquainted with this lad. I knew his father and mother. They were excellent people, and denied themselves many things that they might give their son the advantages of a good education. This boy was talented—no one in school more so. He could stand at the head of his classes whenever he tried to, but he *didn't care.*

This spirit of "*I don't care*" grew upon him, and, at last his father took him out of school and put him into a store. But he failed there, for he *didn't care* whether he pleased his employer's customers or not. After remaining in the store a short time he was dismissed. *He didn't care*, but father and mother and sister cared, for they shed many tears on account of his failure.

Some years after this I saw him driving a dirt-cart, in trousers, and shirt and barefoot; but he *didn't care.*

For several years I did not hear anything from him. One day, I ascertained that he had shipped as a common sailor for a foreign port; but on shipboard, as everywhere else, he *didn't care*, and when the vessel reached her harbor, the Captain kicked him off the ship. After wandering about a few months on a foreign shore he died of a fever, and lies buried thousands of miles from his home. Upon his tombstone, truthfully might be inscribed these words:

"Here lies a once noble, talented boy, who came to an untimely grave, because he *didn't care.*—*Washington Hasbrouck, of New Jersey State Normal School.*

—Wake County, North Carolina, was surprised the other day by a shower of bugs, which were of the size of a grain of corn. They covered the ground like red snowflakes.

COURTSHIP is a novel; marriage a history.

LIFE hath no blessings like a prudent friend.